"AS FOR ME, I LOVE HIM NOT."

copyright, 1893: By The Tribune Association, It was Moore's voice that called. Salome, standing by the kerosene lamp stove, watching the heating of some broth, heard it. She did not move, save that her hand trembled slightly as she took the spoon from the liquid.

Salome," said Mrs. Gerry from the bed. She turned quickly. It was the first time her mother had spoken since she had said that she wished to respect her daughter. Mrs. Gerry's intent gaze was on the girl. She beckoned feebly, In an instant Salome was bending over her.

"Wasn't that Mr. Moore?" she whispered.

"Was that true that you told me?"

"It was true." "You are sure I didn't dream it," with an an suished wistfulness that was hard for the girl to ber and sec.
-I told you," she answered, bearing up bravely.

"Does Mr. Moore know?"

Salome knew what was coming now. "You must, tell him."

Salome held up her head as she answered; "Very well." "Do you mean that you will tell him? Re-

member, it will not be fair to let him marry youto let him think you are very different from what you really are." As they talked the young man's voice could be ard outside. He was speaking with Mr. Maine.
"I understand," said Salome, still with her

head flung up. "But what am I, really?" Mrs. Gerry could not answer. She moved her head wearily from side to side on the pillow. Is the broth ready?" she asked.

Salome brought the broth and gave it with the ntmost tenderness, as she did everyfhing for her Still there was some bitterness in her eyes, and

her lips were pressed together. That fire of resentment that she should be considered so wicked was still smouldering in her consciousness. Yes, certainly, Moore ought to know what a

wretch he wished to marry. It had all the time been in the bottom of her mind that she would tell him. Still, with a closer compression of the lips. Miss Nunally was probably right when she advised silence. Of course it was great folly that one, after committing a crime, should wish to proclaim it. Such a thing should be kept securely Somehow it seemed to Salome that she ought to be able to find some one who would not be shocked; some one who, on being informed of this deed, should smile and remark that it was not worth being troubled about. For that was the way the girl regarded what she had done. The hot drink stimulated Mrs. Gerry. When

the had drunk it she held out her arms to the girl, smiling hopefully at her. The mother could not bear to see her child suffering.

"We have each other, you know," said the elder with something of her old courage, "And I am sure I am better."

Salome kept her head down beside her mother. "You don't respect me," she said, her voice nuffled by the pillow. Mrs. Gerry winced. She did not reply.

Moore now appeared in the open doorway. The sight of him had always been something like a tonic to Mrs. Gerry, but she could not look at him now. His voice was cheery and hopeful as he made his usual inquiries. But by the time he had finished speaking his mood had changed. stepped quickly to the bedside. He raised Salome until she rested on his arm, but he looked only at Mrs. Gerry as he asked:

"Has anything happened? Are you worse?" "I am better," was the reply.

Then Mrs. Gerry acted upon a sudden impulse. She did not quite trust Salome's resolution; and was not even sure that the girl had made a resolution. Salome has something to tell you," she said.

The girl withdrew herself from Moore and stood

The young man was acutely alarmed.

"It is something about that big, black-looking fellow who came down with Mrs. Gerry," was what

He had known, by intuition rather than by perception, that Redd loved Salome. Was she entangled with that man? Moore braced himself as it learn to understand her. But that talk of hers which was picuant, which had a flavor so hers which was picuant, which had a flavor so thrust his hands into his pockets and shut them

Salome went to the foot of the bed and grasped

She was thinking that if her mother heard her. she would believe. And already Salome had ex-perienced a little of that emotion which comes when one's word is not fully taken. It is probable that even a hardened liar wishes to be believed when speaking the truth.

Moore looked at her. The sight of her face was like the cut of a knife to him. His whole nature He took a step toward her. A slight gesture

from her kept him from advancing.
"Never mind," he said hurriedly. "Don't tell

But her mother's eyes did not release-they upheld and stimulated her.

"I tell you it is not of the least consequence, tried Moore, unable to prevent himself from reiterating his assurance. "Let us wait. Any other

time will do. Why should you suffer so, Salome?" His voice had a remonstrating tenderness that was very harrowing for the girl to hear. A rush of feeling came over her. Why reveal

back with her hand.
Still he went on. He was telling himself that anything? Was not the idea absurd? Why try nothing should keep him from her now. be so ridiculously honorable?

She turned more fully toward Moore. No, she but a short distance away. He paused in his walk, staring rather than glancing at her. would not retreat. There was something in her that would now have made her go forward, even passed over her face.
"Mrs. Gerry--" she began. Moore made one fruitless attempt to speak before he was able to

without her mother's influence.

She kept her eyes on Moore's face. It seemet an impossible thing to do, but it was still more impossible not to watch for every expression that should come to that countenance. If he tried to leceive her by his words, she knew that he could

not deceive her with his face. He would want to be kind. She was sure of that. She clung to the crosspiece at the foot of the

"You know I always told you I didn't care about tight and wrong," she began.

Moore nodded. He was too bewildered. There

must be something really the matter, however He could feel something dreadful in the air. Salome's voice went on now quickly. And she Ever once took her eyes from his face.

She told her story in the fewest possible words She saw everything that came into the man's withdrew it. When she had said the last word walked up to Moore and caught sharp hold of his arm, still looking at him. But she did not speak. She laughed lightly.

She went to the door, while he gazed at her. She stopped in the doorway a moment. As she beside her, licking her hand. She did not notice She noticed nothing but the man's face.

Presently she laughed again. As Mrs. Gerry She had closed her sanshade and was leaning, somewhat heavily, upon it. The light was falling rd the desolation in that laugh she started up quickly and tried to leave the bed. But she fell full upon her face.
"Don't say she was wrong," he exclaimed

And now she walked away.

Moore seemed to need that she should go in order that he might be roused. that brought him swiftly to the girl's side. He took both her hands, drawing her back into the

eahin with him. "I see you are sorry for me," she said in the

same strained tone she had been using.
"Sorry for you!" he cried. "Good God! Don't you see that I love you?" There was a very passion of love and pity in his face. But Salome would not allow him to cray her pear to him.

She removed herself from his hold and sat

down quickly. "You are like my mother," she repeated with a painstaking accuracy, as if she feared that she should miss a word. "You cannot respect me."

He was gazing at her with eager entreaty.

to look at him since Salome began to speak.

on the back of her chair, bending over her.

He did not know that Mrs. Gerry had not ceased

he respected her or not. His whole consciousness

"Mr. Moore," said Mrs. Gerry's voice from the

Moore went mechanically to the bed. He stood

there hesitating an instant in a bewildered man-

ner. But it was not in a mechanical way that he

"I shall come back," he said; "I shall come

back in an hour or two. Perhaps we have Greamed

He tried to smile as he spoke. Then he walked

quickly away. He saw standing by the banana

tree the figure of Salome with the hound just at

As Moore walked on he recalled some of the re-

marks he had made when talking about that man

of years. What kind of a nature was it which

Moore's mind floundered on among horrible ques

He had seen people suffer in his life. He had

imagined, as the hitherto unburt will imagine,

that he knew what suffering was. But this hour

And most of all, he thought, was the sense of

Salome must be very different from what h

had believed her to be. Very different, or she

could never, under any stress, have forged a name.

How was ne to adjust himself to this new Salome

who had within her the capability of doing a mean

crime. Didn't she have any moral sense? Had

she really meant all she had told him about not

Moore stumbled on through the sand. How

curiously she had talked about that man in

Tampa! And he had believed all the time that she

The young man paused when he was at son

distance from the cabin. He threw back his

shoulders, innaling a deep breath. He could not

yet rid aimself of the idea that this was some-

thing which would presently vanish. It is so difficult for us to behave that a terrible trouble

may come to us. To others it may come natu-

Having stood for a moment with that vague

air that is so often indicative of suffering, Moore

His whole mind was now engaged in an at

tempt at a readjustment of his ideas concerning

Salome. He felt that his heart was the same

The complexity of the girl's character had given

a keen zest to his acquaintance with her always

He had known that he did not understand her.

It was going to be one of the delights of his life

known, was this possibility in her one of the

chanting, unguessable possibilities of her face

No, no; it could not be. To be able to do what

she had confessed, that must require a kind of

person quite different from the person whom he

furned and looked back at the cabin. He saw her

still standing by the banana, with the heand by

her side. It required all his self-restraint to en-

able him to remain away from her. He was, how-

She had looked at him so strangely. Could she

possibly doubt his love? He had never loved her

so strongly as now. And now there was an al-

He was not thinking these things, apparently,

And all at once it was simply impossible for

him to resist the desire to hasten back to her.

But he had not gone a dozen steps before she

Just at that moment Miss Nanally came walking along the eart path from the city. She was

She also paused instantly. A flash of something

"Oh," whispered Portia in thankfulness,

" rou know about it, then?" she said.

Moore, groping for some foothold, turned to

There was so much sympathy and kindness of

Miss Nunally's face that the young man extended

his hand, moved by that spontaneous wish for con-

tact with a kindly human being which is so nat-

The girl put per hand in his, but instantly

And again Moore said "yes," Miss Nunally stood silept. But there was a dis

tinetly telt consolation to Moore in the presence

of one who was so plainly so en rapport with him

asked and found help from feminine human na-

ture. It was not like him to suffer or enjoy in

silence and alone.
"She was wrong," at last said Miss Nunally.

"I mean wrong to tell you," went on Miss Nu-

"Yes, yes: so it was," was the response with

some eagerness. 'Ch, Miss Nunally, I don't un-

Fortia half turned away. She appeared to grow

"There are so many things we cannot under-

cale as she said, with a touch of imparience;

It has been said of him that he was one who

"Did she tell you?" she asked.

nally. "But it was noble of her."

Then she came nearer.

"Yes," he answered.

ural to us.

harshly.

most intolerable element of pity, a pity which

seemed, indeed, to be made up of tenderness.

he was feeling them.

ever, quite sure that she did not wish him to re

spoke so because of her kind heart.

rally, but not to us.

began to walk on again.

He must not shirk the words; a mean

tions, his love making each question a separate,

in Tampa who had forged his friend's signature.

he had loved some one else.

tender than he had ever been.

She rose immediately.

He moved away and let her go.

ered his face with his hands.

question, Did he respect her?

bed, "will you go away now?"

her hand.

if he might awaken.

could do such a thing?

told him that he had noteknown.

confusion, of groping in the dark.

stinging wound.

caring?

stooped and kissed Mrs. Gerry's cheek.

She saw him, but she made no sign.

to be under the sky."

Moore stood still. He had a frantic sense of

stand. I think it a mistake for us to try to understand as we do." But it is impossible not to try when one's whole happiness is at stake," answered Moore quickly. "You don't know what this is to me. You cannot imagine. You—"

"Yes, talk to me like that," interrupted Mis-Nunally angrily. "Assume that I know nothing thing, Mr. Moore."

For an instant Moore's eyes were turned with a personal interest upon his companion. What do you mean?" he asked.

helplessness. And into his tumultuous distress there came a remembrance of what this girl had "I mean that I am not as good as Miss Gerry." "You? But you have not-you have not-Here the young man tound that he could not go haps some time say to himself that he wished that "I have not committed a forgery," said Portia. He could not think clearly. The overmastering

"I meant that I would not have risked telling impulse upon him was that he must take Salome in his arms; that he must be more gentle, more you. I told her not to do so. No, I would not bave risked so much as that. Good-by, Mr. Moore. Miss Nunally walked back along the path by which she had come. She hesitated as if she would go to Salome. But she went on.

Moore gazed after her, not seeing her in the least. He did not think of the words she had He stepped to the girl's side and put his hand just spoken. But he thought of them later, when they flashed over his mind with that sudden it luminating power which lightning has. "I want to be out of doors," she said. "I want

Now he walked toward Salome with an air which showed plainly that he would not obey any He sat down in the chair she had left and covommand to leave her He was not thinking anything about whether

She shrank away a step, without looking at him. She had an appearance of standing at bay, like some weak animal which, by stress of despair, inally turns and takes a last position.

was full of tenderness, and of longing to help. He wondered why she would not let him come near Moore thought that nothing she could have done could so touch him. But he had no opportunity Then, like the uncoiling of a snake, came the to speak. Before he could choose among the words that came tumultuously to him, Salome said : He started up in the unbearable agony of that

"I am sure toy mother needs me. Having said this, she hurried into the cabin,

and Moore could not follow her. His first impulse was to go back to Augustine He could see, now at some distance among the pines, the figure of Miss Nunally. No, he would not go. He could not speak to any one. And he

felt, after all, that he could not leave Salome. He sat down on that log so much frequented by Mr. Maine, and presently that gentleman came slouching along from his residence.

This was a presence utterly unendurable. Moor sprang up and darted off into the woods. Mr. Maine cursed lazily as he scated nimself. He had intended, when he saw the young man, to borrow fifty cents of him. He had already borrowed that amount a great many times, but that fact was no reason why he should not continue to borrow to definitely.

At this memery Moore shook himself fiercely as Mrs. Gerry had been lying in entire quiet since she had been left alone. To have the body abso-But he could not awaken. He went on thinklutely still sometimes makes one able to believ ing steadily of that man. He would, no doubt, the agreeable falsehood that one is calm. be sentenced for a term of years. Yes, for a term

But Mrs. Gerry never meant to believe a false hood, and she knew that she was not calm, though her form might have been a symbol for repose when her daughter stepped within the room and

Mrs. Gerry opened her eyes. But she closed them immediately, unable for the mement to bear the sight of the girl's face. Directly, however, she said: "It was right to

tell him. Salome said nothing.

Mrs. Gerry moved.

"Do you not think it was right to tell him? she asked. "Very likely," was the answer

"Then that was the thing to do," from Mrs. Gerry, with an air of finality. She must adhere to that decision, whatever came of it. It was impossible for her to do otherwise. Life, or death, or happiness, or misery were of no consequence to her compared with the things which that decision stood for in her mind.

As she lay there looking at the girl she felt how easily she could give up life and happiness for her. But it was not a question of giving up; it was

"Do you not think so "" repeated Mrs. Gerry. She must persist in this question. Salome had an expression of deadly wearines

"Oh," said Salome, "you know I don't care

about such things."

"What things?" fearfully. "Oh, right and wrong. I try to care, because ou have taught me. But that isn't really caring. Please don't let us talk any more about it. I'm

so tired. And I want to keep my strength, I want to take care of you, mother." As she finished speaking Salome bent over her mother, her face suddenly filling with intense and tender affection.

"Lie down here beside me," Mrs. Gerry said, The girl obeyed her. She placed herself by her other and took her in her arms. S

Half an hour later Salome rese to get some me ine. When she had given it she said: There was something in me that would finally

'I'm glad of that," returned Mrs. Gerry. Are you? I am sorry."

"Yes, I am sorry. It is that something which will take away all my happiness from me. All

She sat down on the bed and looked fixedly but blankly at the face on the pillow. Again there was in the woman's voice a cadens

that made it like her daughter's.
"Yes. And I think I have a right to be happy. "But Mr. Moore loves you," said Mrs. Gerry,

onging to comfort the girl. There was no reply to this remark. In a moment Salome rose and busied herself

turned and glanced toward him. She waved him

There was no reply to this remark.

In a moment Salome rose and busied herself about some household duty.

When, a little later, Moore came to the door, she told him with gentle decision that was quite infuriating to him that she could not see him again that day.

And he was obliged to abide by that decision. He did allow himself to say that it seemed to him that she was to-turing him unnecessarily, and that she appeared to forget that he loved her.

"Didn't she care for his love?"

She looked up at him.

"Yes," she said, "I care for your love," And with that Moore had to leave her.

This time he could not saurter back to the Ponce de Leon as he had done formerly. He could not go where he would see any one. To make it nearly sure that he should be alone, he hurried to cross the river to that beach which is so broad and long and silent, save for the wave sounds, that it but accentuates loneliness.

But Portia Nuncilly did not go to any beach. She went directly to her room and sat down there. When her aunt sent for her she returned word that she would visit Mrs. Darrah by and by.

When she did rise from her seat, however, she dressed for a drive with Major Root, and was punctual to the mement whin he had said he would call.

Two hours Laber, when the two returned, the

dl. Two hours later, when the two returned, the ajor was so purple in the face that he was almost Major was so purple in the face that he was almost black. He climbed down from his dogcart and held up

library librar

said to herself.

She went directly to Mrs. Darrah's room.
"You sent for me, Aunt Florence," she said.
"Yes; but that was hours ago. I don't want you now," was the response.
"That makes no difference. I will stay a few moments. I have such a light heart, my dear

The Royal Baking Powder is indispensable to progress in cookery and to the comfort and convenience of modern housekeeping.

Royal is undoubtedly the purest and most reliable baking powder offered to the public .- U. S. Gov't Chemist's Report.

For finest food I can use none but Royal .- A. FORTIN Chef, White House, for Presidents Cleveland and Arthur.

"Because I have got rid of Major Root," was

the answer.
"For to-day?"

Yes: and for all time."
"What?" "What?"

Don't be so shocked. I haven't killed him.

He is alive. That is, he is alive if he hasn't died
of apoplexy. But he is no longer mine. Think
of it! He is no longer mine.

The girl's eyes sparkled.

"Format" cried Mrs. Darrah. She shut her
book with a movement that was too forcible to be
ladelike.

book with a movement that was too forcible to be ladylike.

"Annt Florence!" was the response.

"Do you know what you are doing?" sternly.

"Certainly. I am taking oJ my gloves. And, by the way, this is the last pair of that last half dozen you gave me. Really I am bard on gloves."

"Do you know," went on Mrs. Darrah, sitting severely straight, her face becoming harsh.—"have you any idea what yot are doing, I say? You are throwing away one of the best chances in Augustine this season. And you haven't a cent of money. And you are getting old——

"Oh, thank you, aunt dear."

"Ves, you are getting old," remorsely repeated Mrs. Darrah, "and every year your opportunities will lessen. And an affair like this—and other affairs you have had, they all injure your reputation. And—and—good heavens!—what are you thinking about, Portia Nunally?"

"I am thinking about Micah Root, and that I was a cearse, vulgar little wretch ever to have thought I could marry bim."

This answer was given with such a calm assurance of former sin and present repentance that Mrs. Darrah felt helpless and speechless for the moment.

Here was her niece on her hands again. She

'Yes, I know," she answered. "I certainly am going to wear ugly frocks. Somebody must the me."

And you can't work."

And you can't work."

Impossible. But don't you think the converon is drifting into a disagreeable channel?"

eq Portia.
Yes, quite disagrecable," was the response, ad I issist on your writing a note to Major

Portia stood haughtily erect.
"You know very well, aunt," she said, "that second do not insist with me."
"But you are mad. The season is more than alf over, and if you don't settle this season I half over, and if you don't settle his season I really will do nothing more for you."

Fortia drew near her aunt. She put one knee on a feotstool close to Mrs. Darrah, and leaned

against her.
"Mow," she said, "you are not going to be a wicked, hard-hearted woman, are you?"

"Yes, I am."
Miss Nunally smiled. It was a curious fact that "Yes, I am."

Miss Nunally smiled. It was a curious fact that though the elder woman knew she was being calied, and knew it perfectly well, she did not resent the fact. More than that, there was something about her niece's personality that made her rather enjoy having her near her in that way, and locking at her with the saney, attractive face, "If, after all, Aunt Florence, I am an old maid, a poor, wrinkled old maid who has missed the one destiny for which a woman is fitted, will you not give me, now and then, money enough so I needn't dress like a fright? Orly think! Wouldn't you try to soften the fate of a woman who is denied the privilege of being the wife of some man, and of sitting in that sweet, safe corner by the household fire, behind the heads of children, and—and mending his stockings? When you see me growing old, and without any man's stockings to mend, won't you do something for me?"

Portia rose suddenly and began prancing about the room and singing in a sentimental voice:

"I have written the letter. Which will tell him he is free."

"I have written the letter Which will tell him he is free,"

At this point she paused in her prancing and her

At this point she paused in her prancing and her song to say:

"Now, you see, one of those other girls who wanted Major Root may have him; and joy go with her. As for me, I love him not."

"Portia," said Mrs. Darrah, smiling a little

"Ma'am?" said Fortia promptly.

"Hand me my blue notebook. At last you have given me a scrap of material."

"Dear aunt," remarked the girl as she brought the book, "I am glad to have furnished you material, even though in turnishing it I have lost a husband."

She went out at the door. But she returned immediately to say "Adieu," with the exaggerated tone and accent of an actress who comes back to the stage to bid farewell again to her lover who has waited in position near the right centre for that farewell.

Washington letter to The Boston Transcript.

Washington letter to The Boston Transcript.

The postoffice inspectors keep a sharp lookout for sninggling through the mails. About 750 scaled parkages are selved annually in the New-York Postoffice. In an average year 25,000 unsealed parcels are confiscated at the same office and released on the payment of fines which are equivalent to the dutles. Some very ingenious methods are employed for transmitting dutiable articles by post. Not long ago a package from Germany was found to contain a small roll of butler. A wire passed through it met with an obstruction, which proved to be a tin box filled with valuable jewelry. Probably a dozen silk hand-kerchiefs are found wrapped up in newspapers in every mall from China. The skill exhibited by the postal clerks in detecting such contraband inclosures is won-derful. It seems to partake of the nature of intuition. They say that they do not know themselves how they do it, but that a newspaper with a slik handkerchief in thas a sort of grilly feeling when mantpulated, silk stocklars are malled from France in the same manner. An odd kind of smuggling is the sending of mushrooms by mail from Italy. They are of a perular kind, dried, and are much relished by naffees of that country in the United States. They come in small lags and are easily distinguished by smell.

From The Manchester Times.

you now," was the response.

"That makes no difference. I will stay a few moments. I have such a light heart, my dear relative."

Portia sat down opposite the divan and began to remove her gloves.

"Have you, indeed?" asked Mrs. Darrah. "I hope Major Root has a light heart also."

Portia laughed.

"Oh, I don't know about that. But I do know that at this moment he has an atrociously bad temper."

"Because of you, of course," said Mrs. Darrah.

"Because of you, of course," said Mrs. Darrah.

"The story of the escape of James Stephens, the head and front of the Fenian Brotherhood in Ireland in 1865, from Richmond Prison, Dublin, will bear retelling. Two men were chiefly concerned in the affair, one named Breelin, the hospital warden, and the other favine, a night watchman. Breelin procured an impression of the key which opened stephens's cell, and which always hung on a nall in the governor's aftention, safe. He had to distract the governor's attention, safe. He had to distract the governor's attention.

The why don't you ask me why in proved too short. This fact seemed to promise absolute distance the impression and thee return the key to its nall. The ladder provided for scaling the wall proved too short. This fact seemed to promise absolute distance the impression of the key which opened in the safe, and the la

ascent, and this time, after a desperate struggle, succeeded in getting outside the wall, once there he had to Jump twenty feet into the darkness, having no idea where he should land, nor whether it would be with broken limbs or neck. He let go his hold of the wall and fell, fortunately striking soft ground. Meanwhite Byrne and Ereslin had been obliged to return to their duties. Stephens now found himself in a garden surrounded by another wall twenty feet high. Over this wall Breslin had told him to throw a stone as a signal to eleven armed men who were waiting cutside to receive him. Now a sorre of smaller difficulties beset him. He could not find the garden walls and groped about in vain for a stone. At length he reached the will and threw over a handful of gravel, whereupon a rope with a weight attached was tossed over to him. He quickly climbed the wall and soon found himself in the arms of his joyful bodygnard, who conducted him to a house within sight of the fall, where he remained forteen days. He afterward went to a fashionable boarding house in the fine typic of Declin and spent two matties, and finally, where the here and cry for his capture had somewhat subsided, took ship from Ireland.

WASHINGTON FORTY YEARS AGO.

"On, thank you, mant dearge of the New You have had, responsely preparation." And—and every factive you have had, they all impure your reputation. And—and—good heavers!—what are you thinking about, Portia Aunality?"

"I am thinking about Micah Root, and that I was a cearse, valgar little wretch ever to have thought I could marry him."

This answer was given with such a calm assyrtance of former sin and present repentance that the more area of former sin and present repentance that more area of former sin and present repentance that more area of former sin and present repentance that more area of former sin and present repentance that more area of former sin and present repentance that more area of the more repentance that the more repentance that the state of the state of the more repentance that the state of the stat BELLES AND ODDITIES.

A CROWN-PRINCELY JOKE.

A CROWN-PRINCELY JOKE.

From The Manchester Times.

A quaint reminiscence of the Franco-German war has been revived in connection with the tecent welding testivities at Sigmaringen, and has been making the round of the German papers. It appears that the Prince of Hohenzollern Crince Ferdinand's fathers, then known as Prince Leopold, frequently, during the slege of Paris, called at the Intimury established within the lordy walks of Versailles to Inquire after the patients. Nor did he omit to chat with the nurses, most of them German tadies who had volunteered for the service. One section of the hospital was under the special charge of a lady who as a child had been a favorite playmate of Prince Leopold, and this lady one day langlingly remonstrated with his Royal Highness for Interfering with the progress of the hemming and stiteling. "Your Royal Highness of the hemming and stiteling. "Your Royal Highness must join in the work, so please you, or—" "Selr gut," said the Prince, "I'll try my hand at banding." The requisite materials were speediff supplied and the gallant Prince piled the needle as best he could, then smillingly bowed himself out.

Next day "Frederick the Noide" called—hale, hearly and happy—and after making the round of the beds looked in upon the nurses. "You've done it," he said, "you've disabled a capital ofheer; you'ded not give poor causin Leopold a thimble and today he cannot hold a newspaper in his hand let alone a sword. There, now." The ladies looked up in amage.

BISMARCK'S APHORISMS.

weeks with foreign embassies and delegations from every part of the world, who have arrived in the Eternal City for the purpose of attending the celebration of the fiftieth anniversary of the epis-

GOSSIP IN ROME.

THE POPE'S JUBILEE -RELICS OF ST.

BRIDGET -GARIBALDI'S ISLAND.

Rome has been thronged during the last few

copal consecration of Leo XIII. There are special missions not only from the Catholic sovereigns, but also from Protestant rulers such as, for instance, Emperor William of Germany and Queen Victoria, while even the Sultan of Turkey, the Shah of Persia, the Emperors of China and Japan, and a number of the maharajahs of India have sent envoys with costly gifts. Besides all these foreign missions, there are pilgrims of every race and nationality, and it is a long time since the Tiberine City has been so crowded with foreigners. The publice mass was celebrated by the Pontik himself in grand state on February 19, at the high altar just under the dome of St. Peter's, and over which stands the great baldacchino of Ecrnini. Whilst celebrating mass the Pope wore superb parple vestments embroidered in embossed gold and adorned with hundreds of large pearls, which had been presented to him on the occasion of his jubilee by the noble ladies of Rome. He used during the ceremony a massive gold challoe incrusted with genis, the work of Benvenuto Cellini, purchased from the Borghese collection and presented to His Holiness by the Roman nobility. The entire Basilica was draped inside with gorgeous red and gold hangings, and the scene

Among the offerings received by the Pontiff ome of the most notable are those of the Sultan which consist not only of a superb golden snuff box set in diamonds and of several beautiful Oriental carpets, but also the famous funeral inscription of Sant' Aberzio, discovered in the year 1882 in Phrygia, which is of great archaeological value. Indeed, many of the foreign gov. ernments have asked the Sultan for it for their museums, but the Sultan has invariably refused, and now it will find a place in the Vatican Museum. Another valuable present is that of the Prince Regent of Bavaria, which consists of a reproduction, almost six feet high, of the celebrated column of Our Lady, one of the principal monuments of Munich. The column, as well as the statues of the Virgin and of the angels, is of massive gold. The glasses of the four lanterns at the base are formed by large sapphires, rubies and emeralds, and the entire reproduction is adorned with large diamonds, over 1,200 having been used for the purpose.

Numerous balls and festivities took place during the last few days of the carnival, the most notable functions being the royal ball given at the Quirinal, and these at the French and British embassies. The ball at the French Embassy was especially notable, as it was the first oceasion on which the King and Queen had crossed the threshold of the Farnese Palace since their accession to the throne. There are few foreign missions more superbly housed in Rome than that of France, all the State apartments being hung with almost priceless Gobelin tapestries. was also a handsome dance given by the Amerieast-born Princess Brancaccio, who is a daughter of Mr. J. Hickson Field, of New-York. At the ball at the Quirinal there were a large number of Americans present, and the Queen looked particularly well in a lovely gown of pale green trimmed with ostrich feathers of the same shade, mixed here and there with white. The pointed corsage, laced up the back with berthe and sleeves of old Chantilly falling in graceful folds, was specially becoming. Her hair was dressed in the high way that suits her so well. She wore a diamond tiara, forming behind a true lovers knot, and a necklace of wonderful emeralds, as well as some rows of large pearls.

Among the other entertainments may be menioned an extraordinary display of masculine skirk dancing, which took place at the Costanzi Theatre in the presence of Queen Marguerite and a crowded office to Dispect the model and restore peace to the kitchen.

At that time there seemed to be a dearth of great men. Clay, Webster and Calhoun were gone. When Mr. Summer took his seat in the Senate, Mr. Benton said to him in a patronizing way; "Sir, you have come upon the stage too late. Not only have our great men passed away, but the great issues have been settled. The last of these was the National Bank that has been thrown over forever. Nothing it left you, sir, but sectional questions and petty stiffe about slavery and fusitive-slave laws, involving no National inferest." How little did Mr. Benton and Mr. Summer foresee the things tive lived to see We went to Mount Vernon, escorted by Mr. Powers We went to Mount Vernon, escorted by Mr. Powers We went to Mount Vernon, escorted by Mr. Powers We went to Mount Vernon, escorted by Mr. Powers We went to Mount Vernon, escorted by Mr. Powers We went to Mount Vernon, escorted by Mr. Powers We went to Mount Vernon, escorted by Mr. Powers We went to Mount Vernon, escorted by Mr. Powers We went to Mount Vernon, escorted by Mr. Powers We went to Mount Vernon, escorted by Mr. Powers We went to Mount Vernon, escorted by Mr. Powers We went to Mount Vernon, escorted by Mr. Powers We went to Mount Vernon, escorted by Mr. Powers We went to Mount Vernon, escorted by Mr. Powers We went to Mount Vernon, escorted by Mr. Powers We went to Mount Vernon, escorted by Mr. Powers We went to Mount Vernon, escorted by Mr. Powers We went to Mount Vernon, escorted by Mr. Powers We went to Mount Vernon, escorted by Mr. Powers We went to Mount Vernon, escorted by Mr. Powers We went to Mount Vernon, escorted by Mr. Powers We went to Mount Vernon, escorted by Mr. Powers We went to Mount Vernon, escorted by Mr. Powers We were to Mount Vernon to the University for the dents of the University for the purpose of the University whose means given by the dents of the University for the University for the University whose means given by the dents of the University for the University whose means give house. The entertainment was given by the students of the University for the purpose of raising funds towards the maintenance of those members of the University whose means were inadequate to defray their collegiate expenses. The name of the ballet given was "Scholasticon," and all the dancers were male students. The ballet was a great success, and notwithstanding the somewhat lean extremities of certain of the figurants, they Their movements, their gestures and their smiles were most amusingly feminine, and they played the parts which they had undertaken with the utmost seriousness. The Queen was delighted with the entertainment, and at its close sent her congratulations to the student who had taken the role of the premiere dansease.

The Government is still in active pursuit of the bankers who have been guilty of malfeasance, of the politicians and oficials who have been guilty of dishonesty and corruption, and of the brigands. Of these three classes of offenders the brigands are certainly the most popular. They are on excellent terms with the poorer classes of the districts which they infest, and it was but the other day that the Ministry was openly assailed in the Chamber for the severity which it had exercised in arresting peasants and landed proprieters at Viterbo as maintainers and har-borers of brigands. Brigands certainly add to the interest and picturesqueness of Italy, which with-out its banditti would lose much of its romance and interest.

During the repairs which have just been made in the Church of San Lorenzo in Panisperna, where Leo XIII was consecrated a bishop just fifty years ago, an important discovery took place. It consists of a marble sarcophagus, which, according to the inscriptions thereon, contains some of the remains of the celebrated St. Bridget. The relies consist of a part of her shoulder blade and other smaller bonce, and their identity is further confirmed by documents found in the archives of the church. It is stated in these records that other portions of her body have been removed to Sweden and placed in the celebrated monastery, of Vaslema. The sarcophagus was found beneath the altar in the second chapel to the left of the chancel. There are so many people of the Anglo-Saxon and Celite race who bear the popular name of Bridget that the news of the discovery of the remains of St. Bridget will doubtless prove of interest to many readers of The Tribune.

The dispute now in progress between King Hum-During the repairs which have just been made

remains of St. Bridget will doubtless prove of interest to many readers of The Tribune.

The dispute now in progress between King Humbert's Government and the widow of Garibaldi is attracting considerable attention throughout Italy. The point at issue between them is the possession of the Isle of Caprera, which the military authorities require for coast defense purposes, intending to creet thereon important fortifications. The War Department has, therefore, determined to expropriate the Garibaldi family, offering them a sun of 300,000 franes by way of compensation, which seems very handsome, considering the fact that the famous patriot only paid 20,000 franes for the island. The whole family have agreed to the terms offered by the Government, with the exception of the widow, who has now begun legal proceedings against the War Department. In this she is exceedingly ill-advised, for she is, without doubt, the least commendable of the three successive wives of the famous general. It may be remembered that Garibaldi was twice previously, married—first to Anita, the bride of his youth and the mother of Menotti and Ricciotti, his sone; and secondly, to a lady whom he wedded shortly after his return from his visit to England. Garibaldi left his second wife, however, almost immediately after the ceremony, in consequence of his having been placed in possession of some letters in his bride's handwriting of such a compromising character as to preclude any idea of life in common. Subsequently Garibaldi unsuccessfully applied for a divorce in order to marry his third wife, and thus to legitimize his younger children. The deepth, however, of number 2 enabled him to legalize his union with wife number 3 just a short time before his death.

From The Boston Globe,

From The Boston Globe.

At M—, the other night, there was a temperane lecture in the chapel of one of the churches. The gentleman who was to preside did not show up, and a man known to have a deep interest in the temperance cause was called upon to act in his place. Mr. S— is a very nervous man, who easily gets rattled. He struggled to his feet, and this is what he asia! "Ladies and gentlemen: Since Brother — is not have to ask the blessing of God to rest upon this meeting, we will proceed with the business and do the leave the case of the second structure.